

From The Pages Of **The BOYS™**

Highland Laddie™



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2010

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Highland Laddie™

In a world where costumed heroes soar through the sky and masked vigilantes prowl the night, someone's got to make sure the "supes" don't get out of line. And someone will.



Billy Butcher, Wee Hughie, Mother's Milk, The Frenchman and The Female are The Boys: a CIA-backed team of very dangerous people, each one dedicated to the struggle against the most lethal force on Earth- superpower. Some superheroes have to be watched. Some have to be controlled. And some of them- sometimes- need to be taken out of the picture.

That's when you call in **The Boys**.

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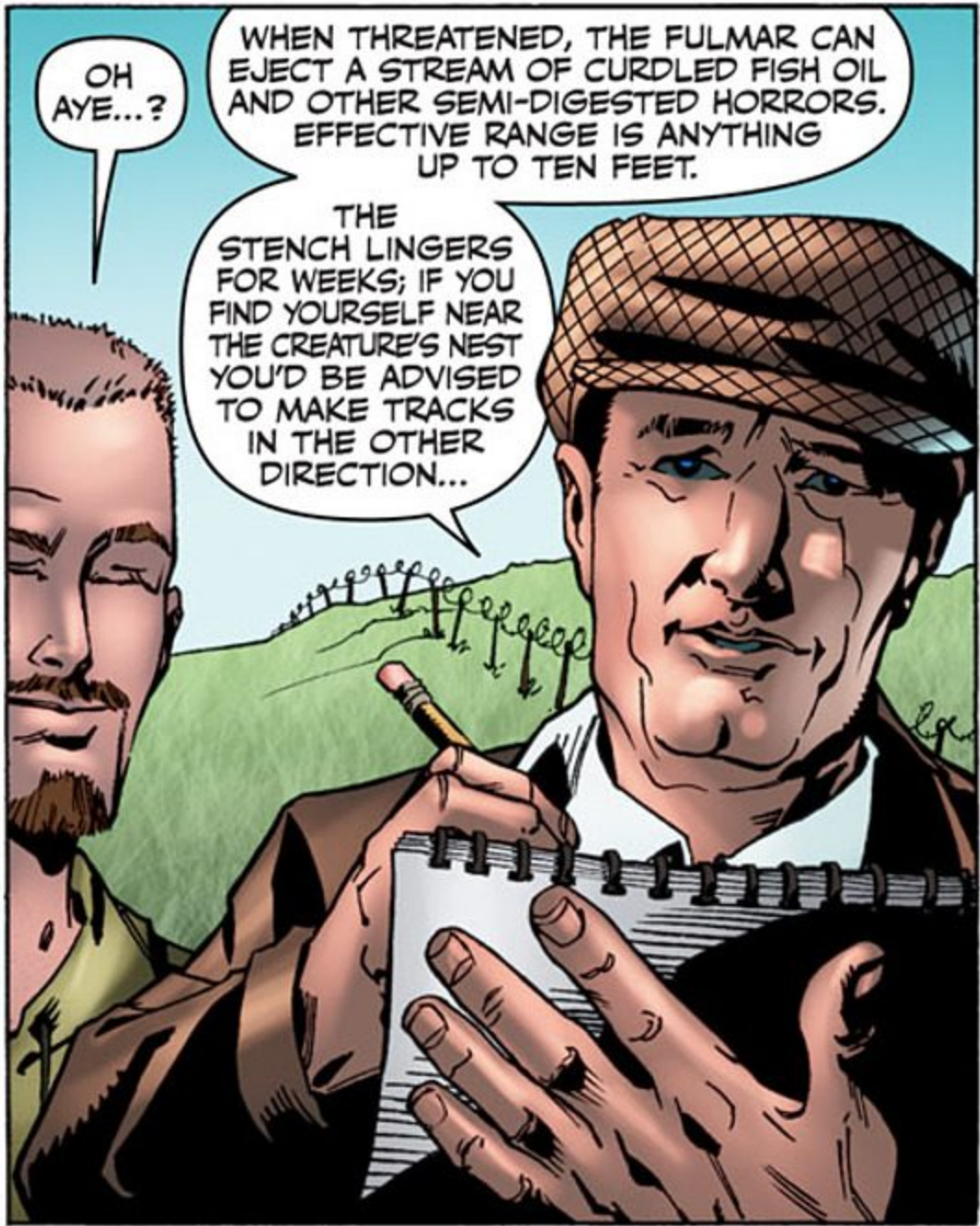


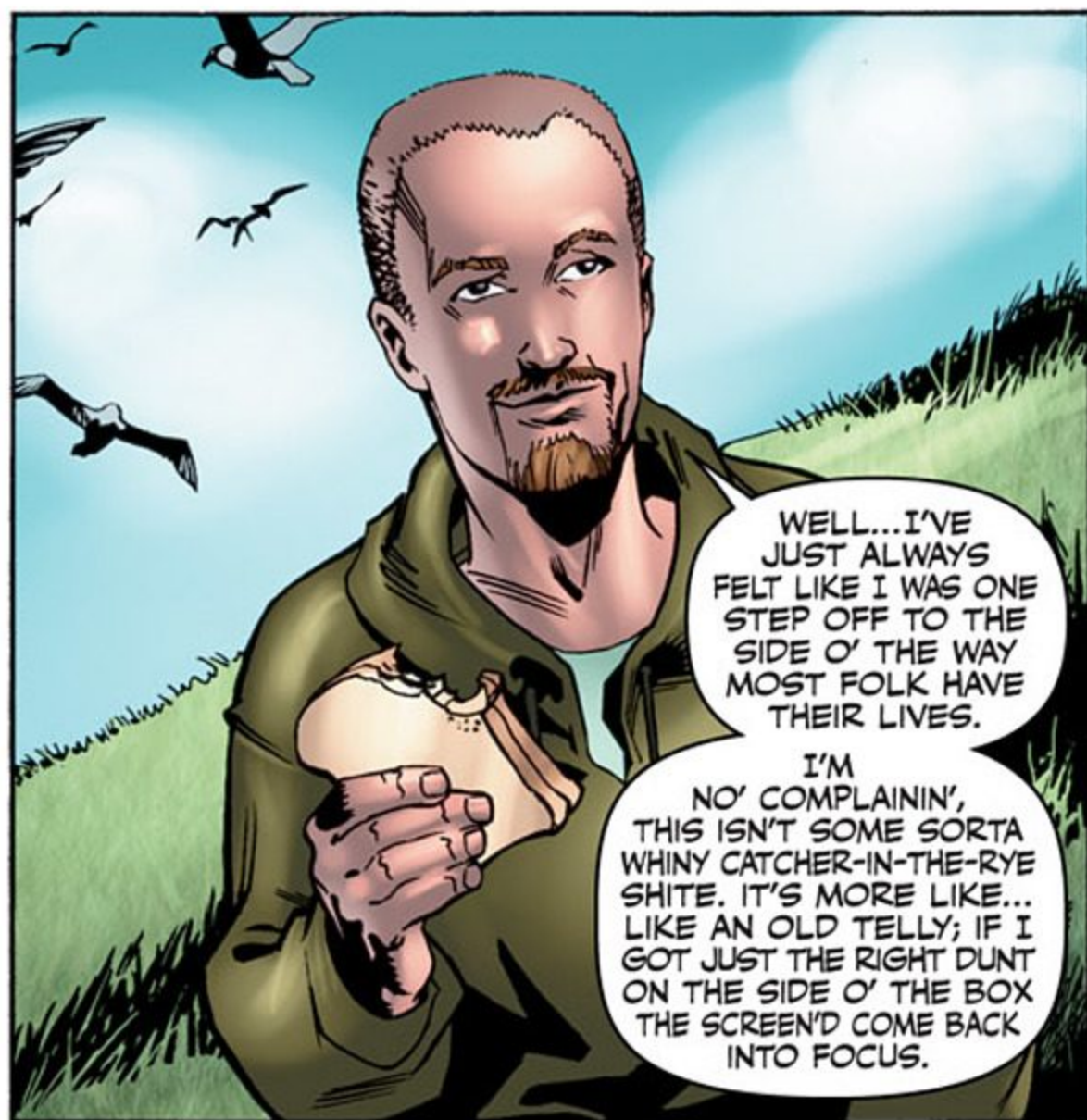
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WELL...I'VE JUST ALWAYS FELT LIKE I WAS ONE STEP OFF TO THE SIDE O' THE WAY MOST FOLK HAVE THEIR LIVES.

I'M NO' COMPLAININ', THIS ISN'T SOME SORTA WHINY CATCHER-IN-THE-RYE SHITE. IT'S MORE LIKE... LIKE AN OLD TELLY; IF I GOT JUST THE RIGHT DUNT ON THE SIDE O' THE BOX THE SCREEN'D COME BACK INTO FOCUS.



I'D BE LIKE EVERYONE ELSE.

BUT THINGS JUST DON'T SEEM TO TURN OUT FOR ME THE WAY THEY DO FOR MOST FOLK.



AW, THIS DOES SOUND WHINY...

NOT ALL SELF-EXAMINATION IS AUTOMATICALLY SELF-INDULGENT, YOU KNOW.



JUST MOST OF IT, AYE?

THAT'S YOUR INNER SCOTS PROTESTANT BANGING HIS DRUM.



IT'S MORE ALL THE FILMS I USED TO WATCH WI' MY PAW. YOU DON'T GET MUCH INTROSPECTION FROM MISTER BRONSON OR MISTER EASTWOOD.

D'YOU MIND IF I'VE ANOTHER SANDWICH?

NOT AT ALL. I TOLD MRS. VIGORS I'D INVITED YOU ALONG TODAY, SHE MADE MORE THAN ENOUGH FOR TWO.



AYE, WELL IF I'D KNOWN WE WERE HAVIN' LUNCH I'D'VE BROUGHT ALONG A SIXPACK O' CARLIN' OR WHATEVER. I FEEL LIKE A RIGHT STINGEY BASTARD.

PERISH THE THOUGHT.

ALL RIGHT, I'LL GIVE YOU AN EXAMPLE OF WHAT I'M TALKIN' ABOUT.



"WHEN I WAS A WEE KID WE USED TO VISIT MY AUNTIE EILEEN, RIGHT? SHE LIVED OUT ON LEWIS, IN THE WESTERN ISLES."

"A LOT O' THE FOLK 'ROUND HERE HAVE RELATIVES ALL OVER THE PLACE, AN' GOIN' ON A WEE FLIGHT TO SEE THEM WAS MAGIC WHEN YE WERE A KID. WE WERE ALWAYS ON ABOUT IT--AN' THE FIRST SUMMER I WENT, DET AN' BOBBY'D ALREADY BEEN, AN' NOW IT WAS MY FIRST GO."



"THE PILOTS WERE DEAD ON, YOU SEE, THAT WAS WHY WE ALL LOOKED FORWARD TO THE TRIP..."

HULLO, MRS. CAMPBELL? THE CAPTAIN WAS WONDERIN' IF WEE HUGHIE WOULD LIKE TO COME UP AN' SEE THE COCKPIT...

AYE! PLEASE MAW, PLEASE MAW, PLEASE MAW, PLEASE MAW, PLEASE!



...SO YE SEE, HUGHIE, IT'S THE AIR FLOWIN' OVER AN' UNDER THE WINGS THAT KEEPS US UP...AN' THE AILERONS AN' ELEVATORS THAT LET US STEER...

AYE!

SO THAT'S YOU AN' ALEC FLYIN' THE PLANE NOW. I'LL BE BACK IN A WEE MINUTE.

AYE!



IT'S ALL SHITE, SONNY...

SORRY, MISTER?

IT'S ALL SHITE, I SAID!



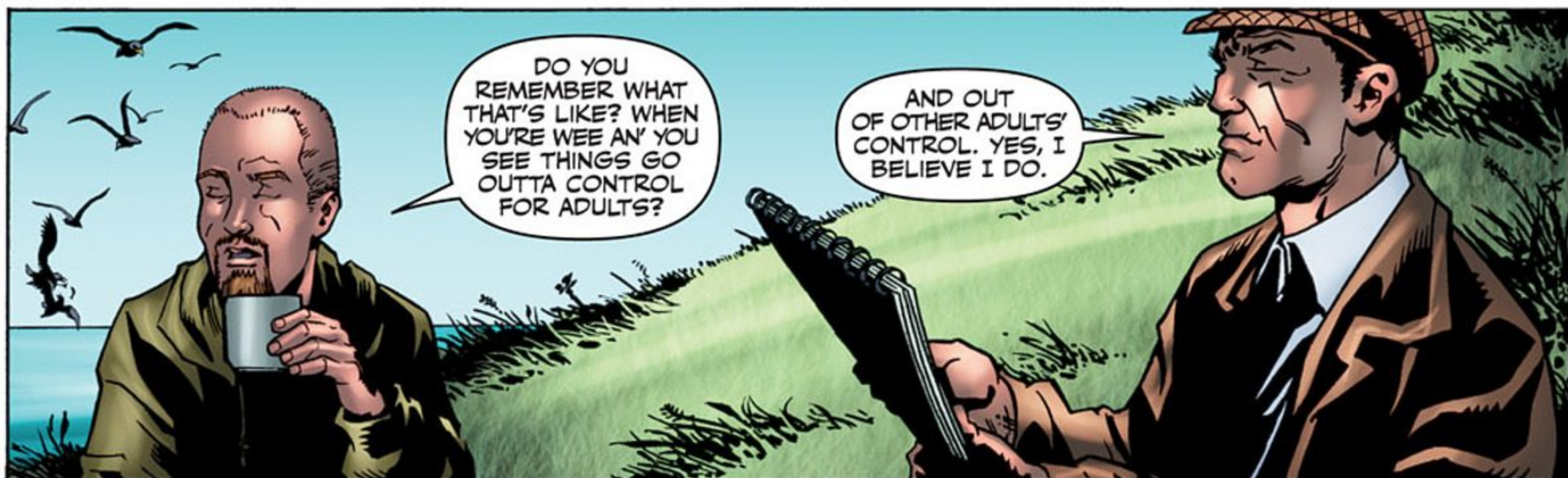
I'VE BEEN FLYIN' PLANES FOR TWENTY YEARS--



AN' I STILL
DON'T KNOW HOW THE
BLOODY WINGS
STAY ON...!

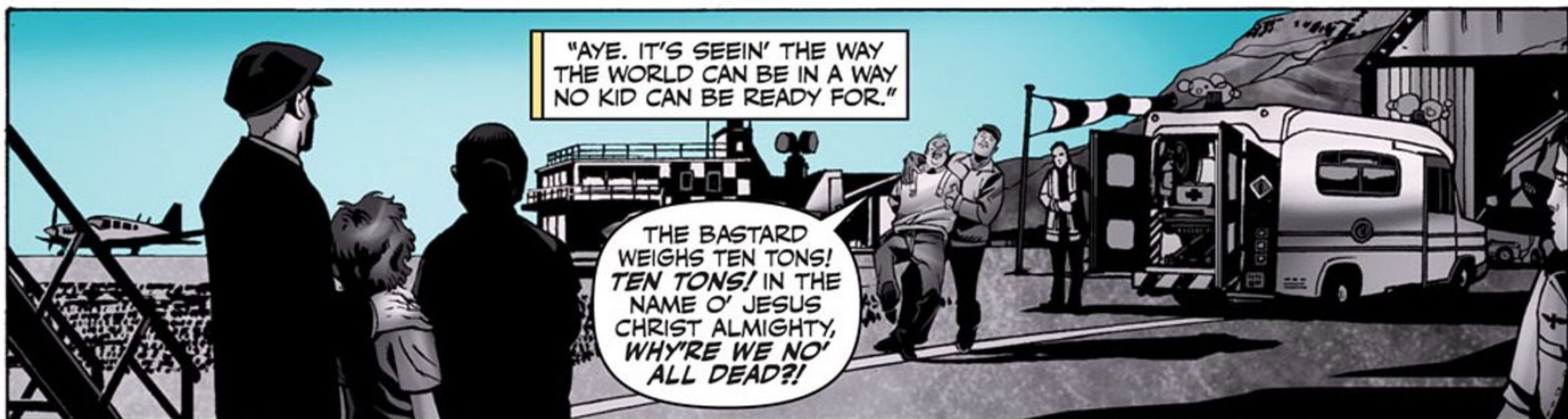
"SO THAT WAS GOLDEN
CHILDHOOD MEMORY
NUMBER ONE."

2: GREAT GLASS ELEVATOR



DO YOU REMEMBER WHAT THAT'S LIKE? WHEN YOU'RE WEE AN' YOU SEE THINGS GO OUTTA CONTROL FOR ADULTS?

AND OUT OF OTHER ADULTS' CONTROL. YES, I BELIEVE I DO.



"AYE. IT'S SEEIN' THE WAY THE WORLD CAN BE IN A WAY NO KID CAN BE READY FOR."

THE BASTARD WEIGHS TEN TONS! TEN TONS! IN THE NAME O' JESUS CHRIST ALMIGHTY, WHY'RE WE NO' ALL DEAD?!



AN' NOBODY UNDERSTANDS! MY WIFE DOESN'T UNDERSTAND! GET YER HANDS OFF ME, YE F--

CLOSE YER EARS, HUGHIE!

"AN' AFTERWARDS...THE WORLD NEVER QUITE GOES BACK TO THE WAY IT WAS."



"SO THERE YOU ARE: EVERYONE ELSE HAS A BRILLIANT TIME, AN' I'M LEFT FEELIN' LIKE I'VE HAD SOMETHIN' STOLEN FROM ME."

"STORY O' MY BLOODY LIFE, I'M TELLIN' YOU."



WELL, IF IT IS, YOU SEEM LITTLE THE WORSE FOR IT, HUGHIE...

OH, I KNOW. HAPPY WEE LADDIE, THAT'S ME.

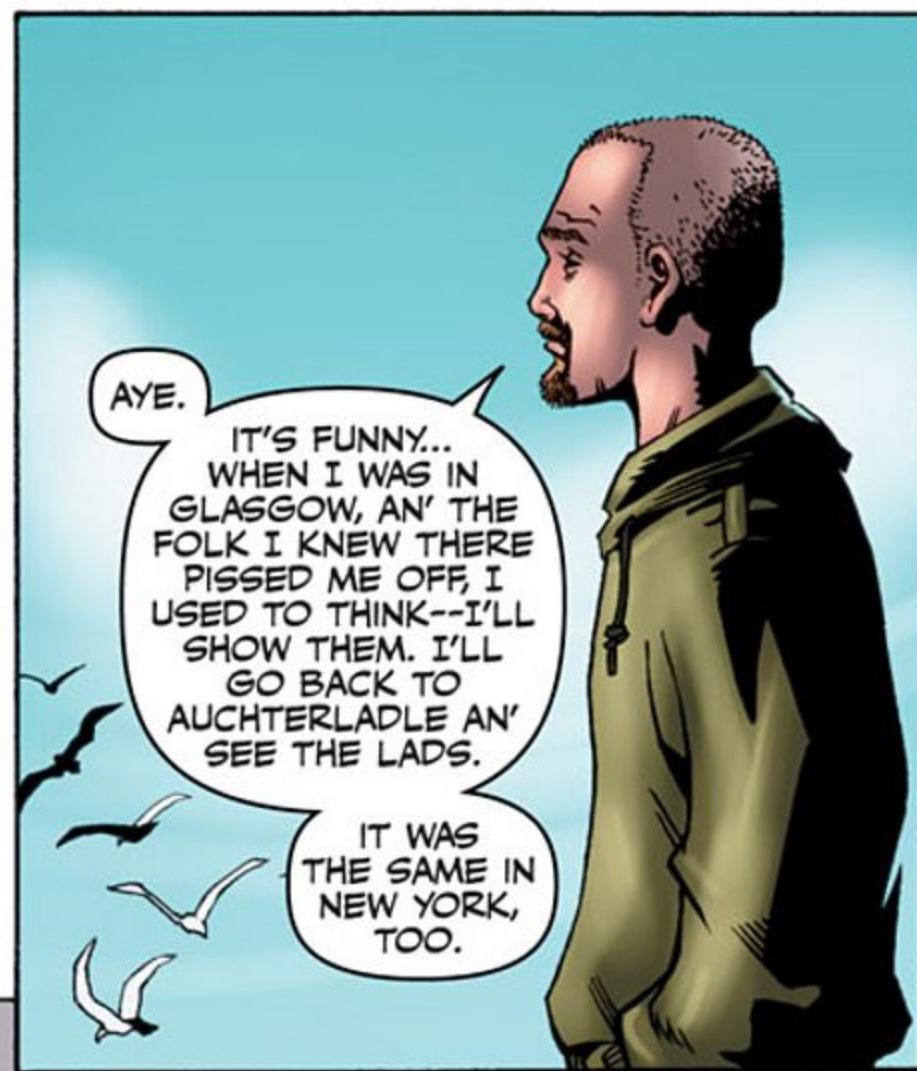




YOU KNOW, IT WAS THOSE TWO I WAS LOOKIN' FORWARD TO SEEIN' MORE'N ANYONE ELSE. IT WAS THE THOUGHT O' THEM MADE HOME SEEM LIKE A REFUGE.

NOW...

WELL, NO ONE CAN QUITE ANNOY US LIKE OUR FRIENDS CAN. THAT'S INTIMACY FOR YOU.



AYE.

IT'S FUNNY... WHEN I WAS IN GLASGOW, AN' THE FOLK I KNEW THERE PISSED ME OFF, I USED TO THINK--I'LL SHOW THEM. I'LL GO BACK TO AUCHTERLADLE AN' SEE THE LADS.

IT WAS THE SAME IN NEW YORK, TOO.

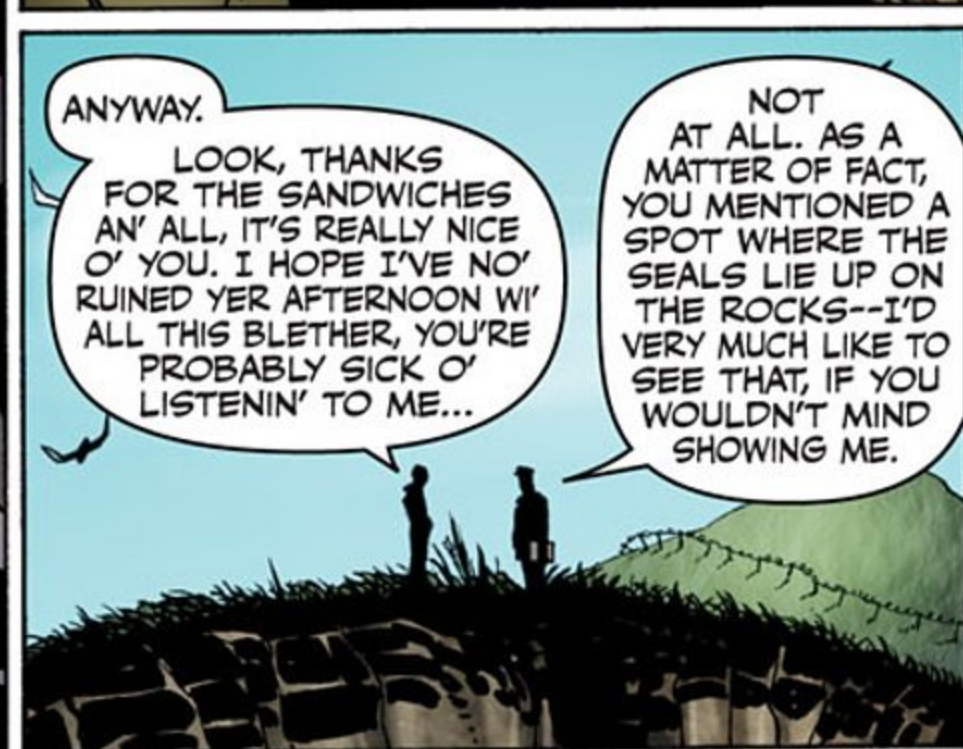


"DET AN' BOBBY'D NEVER TREAT ME LIKE THIS. I SHOULD JUST FUCK OFF AN' BE WI' MY *REAL* MATES. I SHOULD GO HOME.

"WHAT AM I DOIN' HERE, ANYWAY, REALLY...?"



NOW I'M ALMOST THINKIN' I SHOULD JUST GO BACK TO THE STATES AN' SHOW THEM.



ANYWAY.

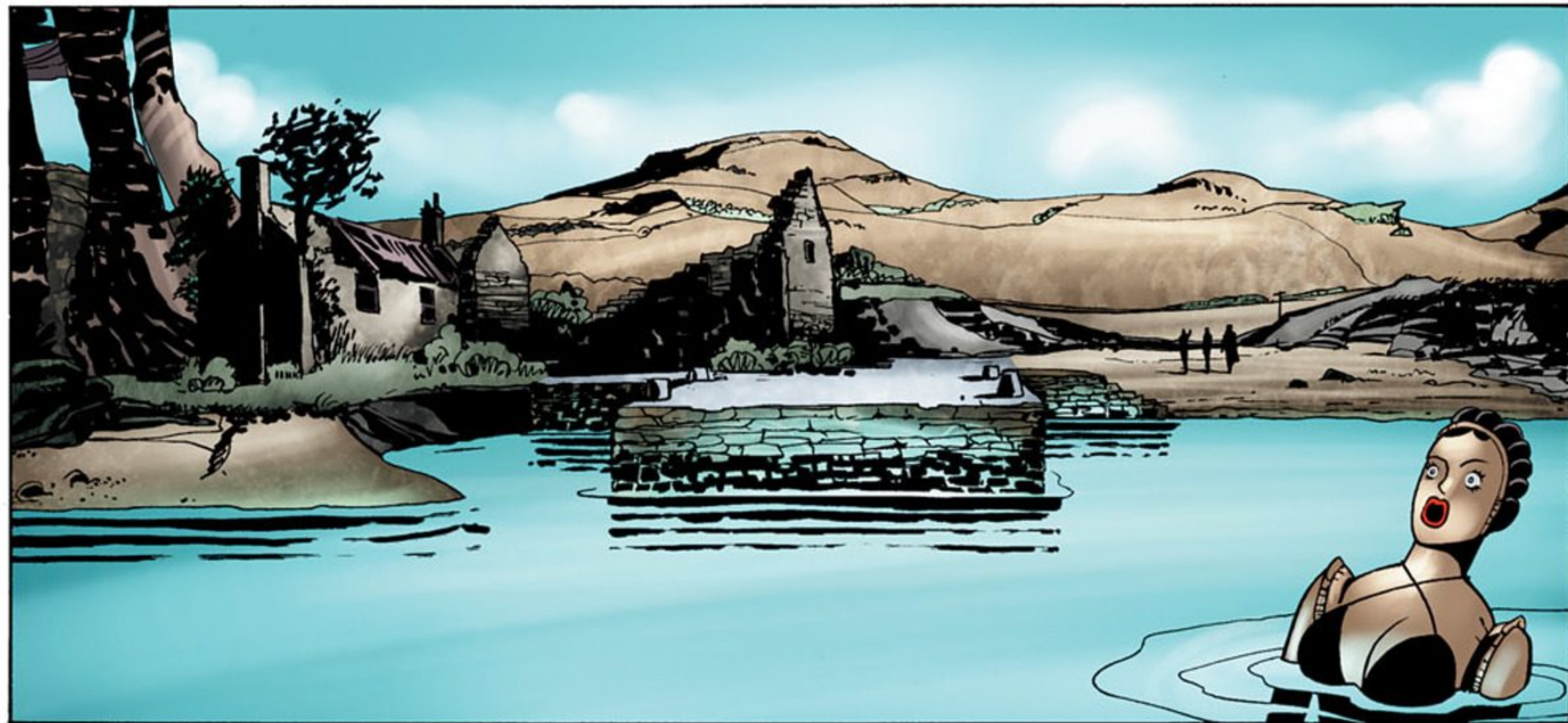
LOOK, THANKS FOR THE SANDWICHES AN' ALL, IT'S REALLY NICE O' YOU. I HOPE I'VE NO' RUINED YER AFTERNOON WI' ALL THIS BLETHER, YOU'RE PROBABLY SICK O' LISTENIN' TO ME...

NOT AT ALL. AS A MATTER OF FACT, YOU MENTIONED A SPOT WHERE THE SEALS LIE UP ON THE ROCKS--I'D VERY MUCH LIKE TO SEE THAT, IF YOU WOULDN'T MIND SHOWING ME.



AYE, IF YOU LIKE. SAME TIME TOMORROW, THEN?

SAME TIME TOMORROW.





SURE YE DON'T WANT A TOKE O' THIS, HUGHIE...?

NO, YOU'RE ALL RIGHT.

YE'RE MISSIN' A TREAT...AW, IT'S BRAW HOW EASY IT IS TO GET GOOD GEAR AT THE MINUTE...



AYE, I NOTICED THAT ON THE WAY HERE. WHY IS IT?

FUCK KNOWS...

MAYBE IT'S BEEZER, BRANCHIN' OUT...!



D'YE MIND THE STATE HE WAS IN WHEN THE POLIS GOT HOLD O' HIM...?

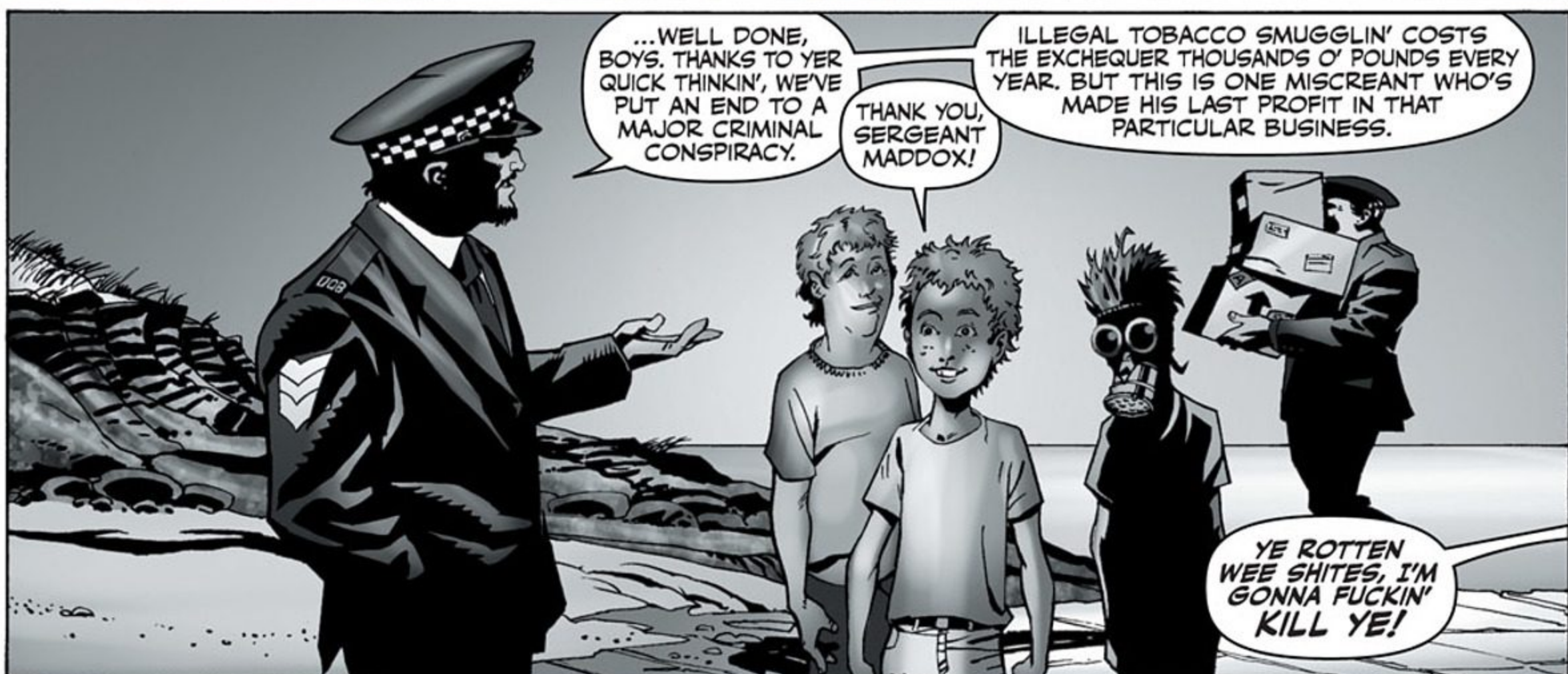
HEH HEH HEH!



I HARDLY EVEN KNEW WHAT HE WAS ON ABOUT.

I ASKED MY MAW...WHICH WAS A BIT OF A FUCKIN' ERROR, ACTUALLY...

HMH.

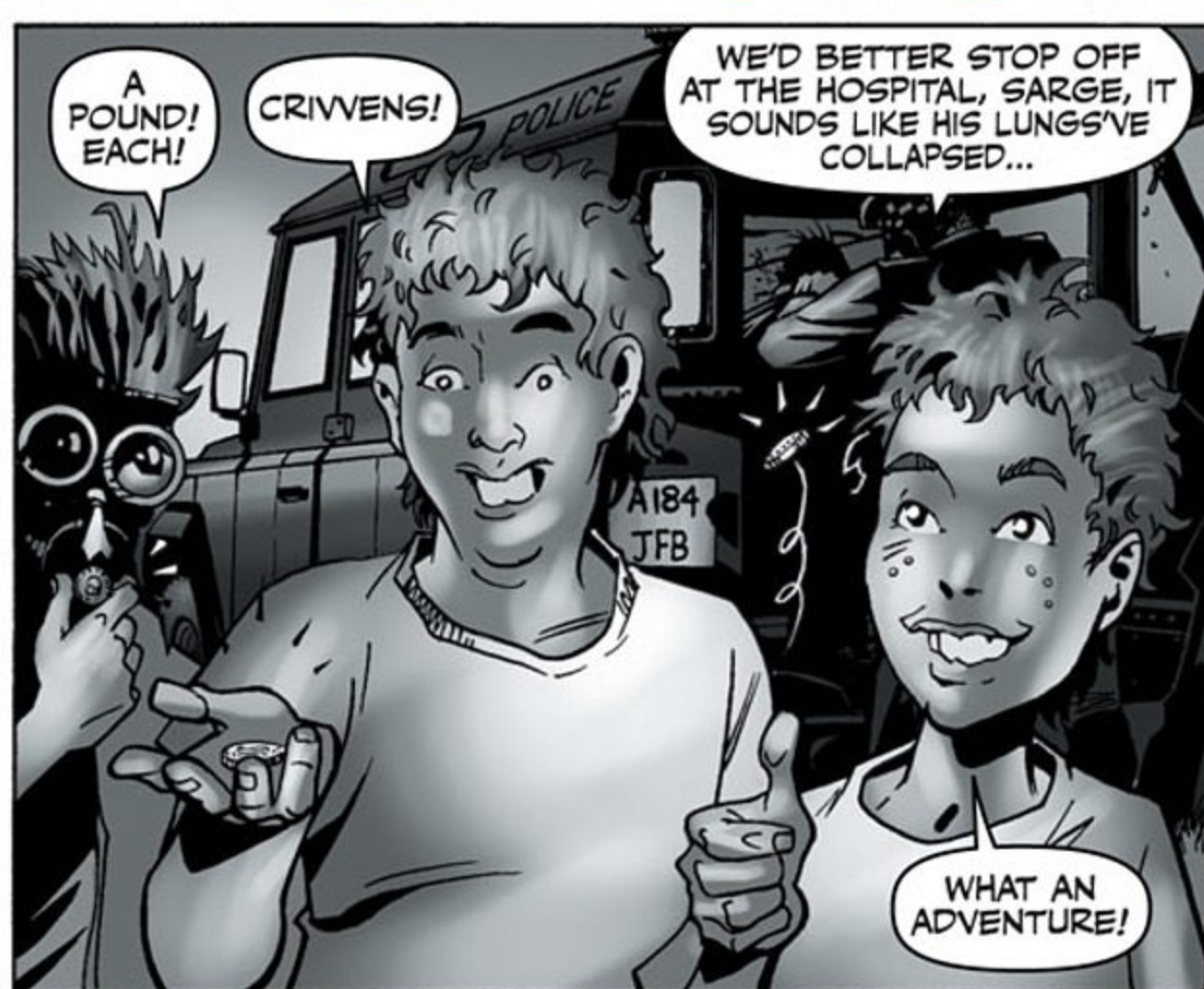


...WELL DONE, BOYS. THANKS TO YER QUICK THINKIN', WE'VE PUT AN END TO A MAJOR CRIMINAL CONSPIRACY.

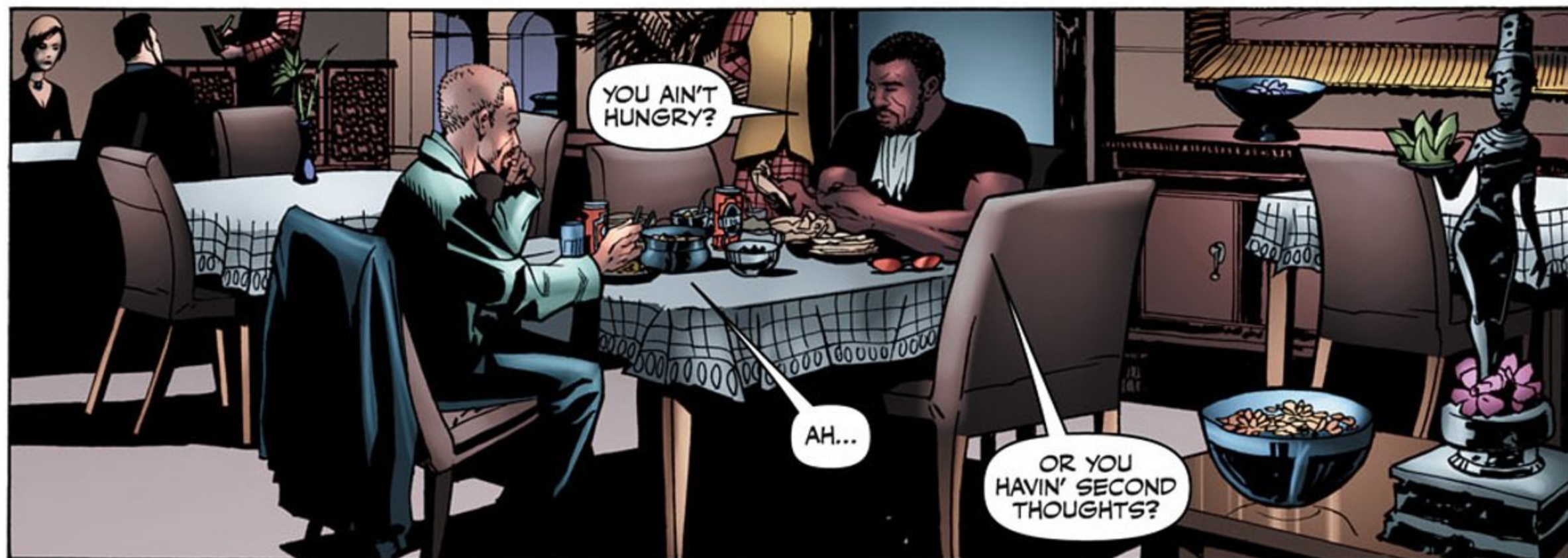
THANK YOU, SERGEANT MADDOX!

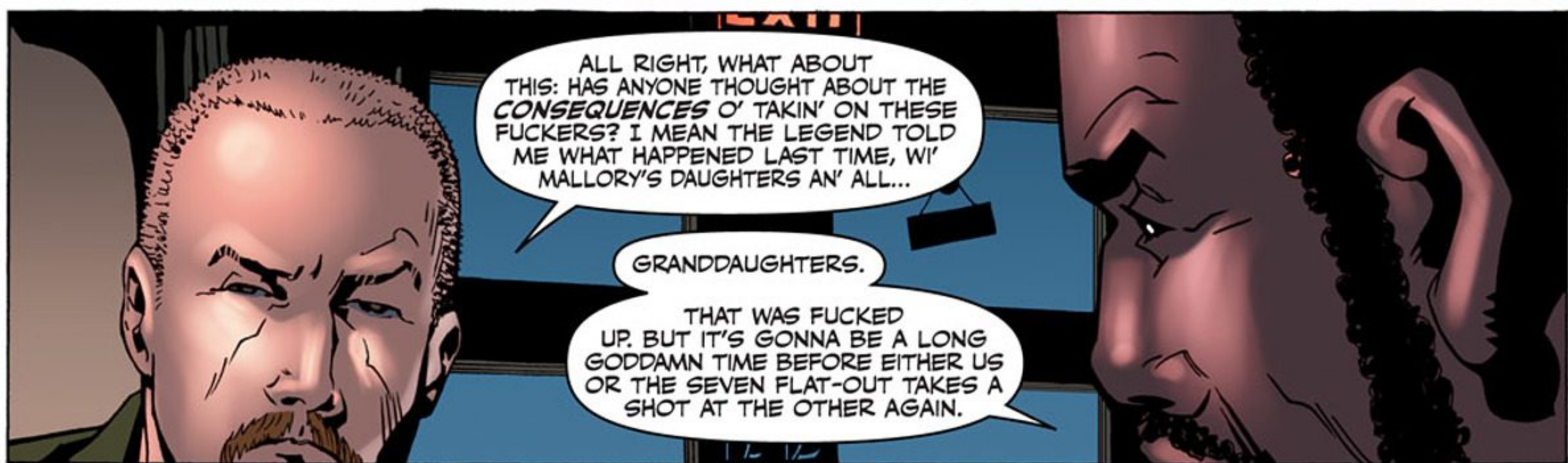
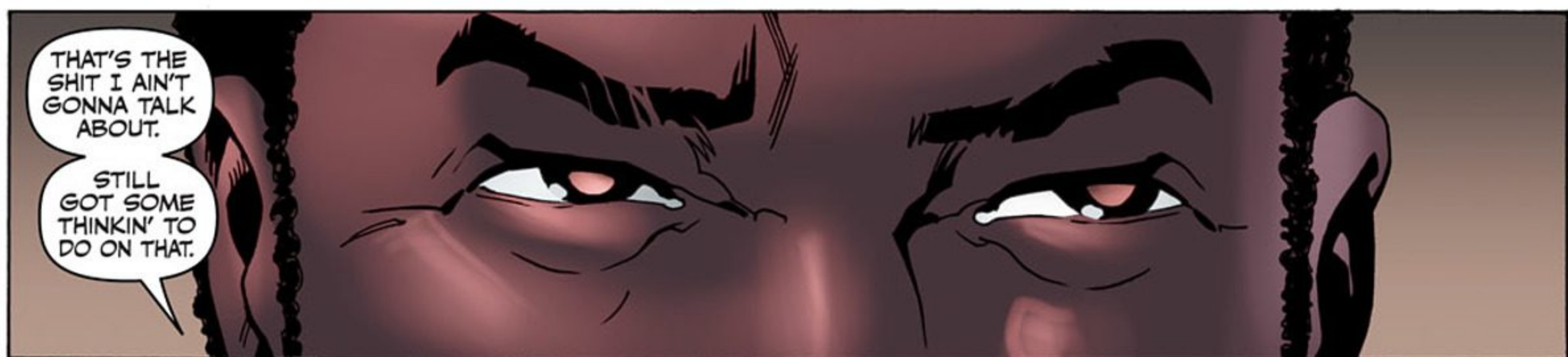
ILLEGAL TOBACCO SMUGGLIN' COSTS THE EXCHEQUER THOUSANDS O' POUNDS EVERY YEAR. BUT THIS IS ONE MISCREANT WHO'S MADE HIS LAST PROFIT IN THAT PARTICULAR BUSINESS.

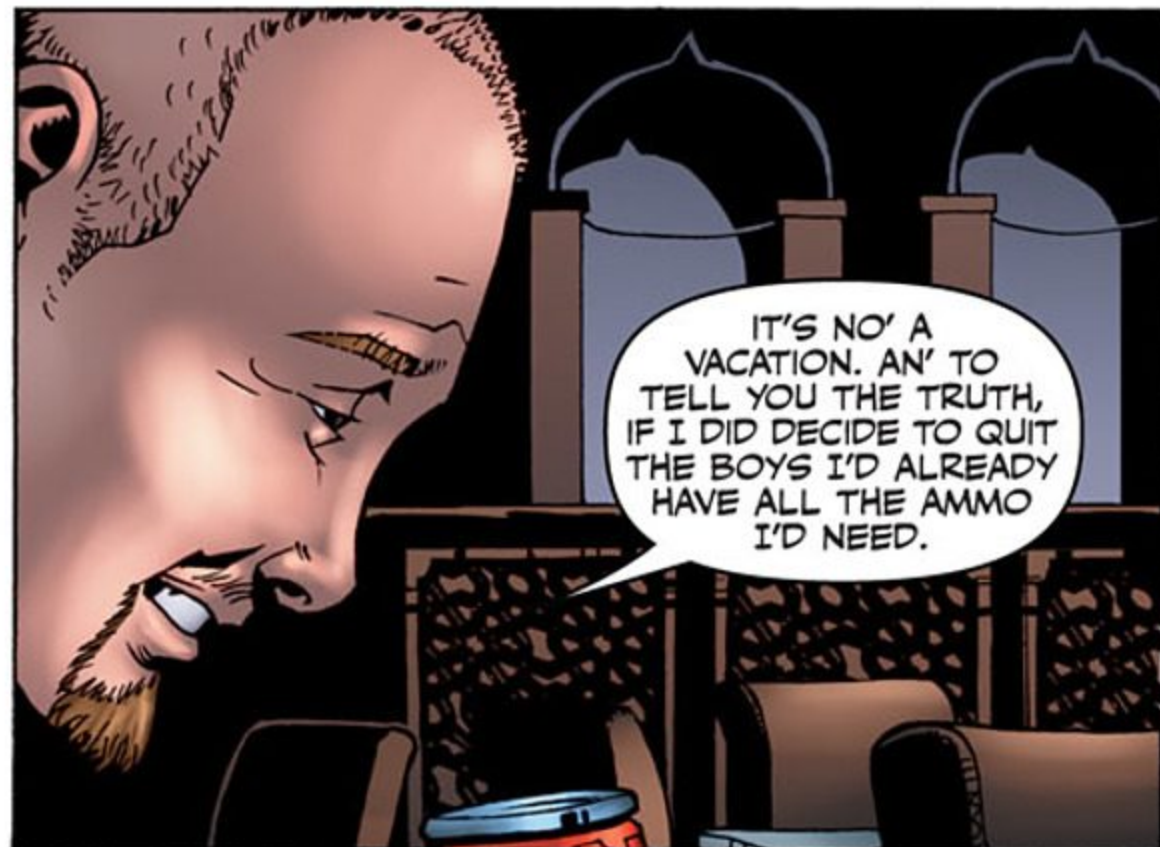
YE ROTTEN WEE SHITES, I'M GONNA FUCKIN' KILL YE!











IT'S NO' A VACATION. AN' TO TELL YOU THE TRUTH, IF I DID DECIDE TO QUIT THE BOYS I'D ALREADY HAVE ALL THE AMMO I'D NEED.



HOW SO?

THE FUCKIN' CARNAGE...!

THE MURDER, THE DISMEMBERMENT, THE SHEER FUCKIN' AMOUNT O' VIOLENCE I'VE SEEN... THE THINGS I'VE DONE AN' HAD DONE TO ME, WI' PAYBACK AN' HEROGASM AN' EVERYTHIN'...



NOTHIN' HAPPENED TO YOU AT HEROGASM. YOU TALKIN' 'BOUT WHEN YOU FELL AN' HIT YOUR HEAD?

OH--NO, NO, THAT WAS MORE WHERE IT WAS WHAT I SAW. YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN.

I DUNNO IF THIS REALLY MEANS MUCH TO YOU, I KNOW YOU WERE IN THE ARMY TOO...



YEAH, BUT I'M SWEETNESS AN' MUTHAFUCKIN' LIGHT. FILLED FROM GODDAMN HEAD TO TOE WIT' LOVE.

WELL, I WOULDN'T GO THAT FAR. BUT I WILL MISS YOU, LIKE...

GET THE FUCK OUTTA HERE.



AYE, WELL RIGHT ENOUGH, I SUPPOSE I'D BETTER GET THE BILL. THE CHECK.

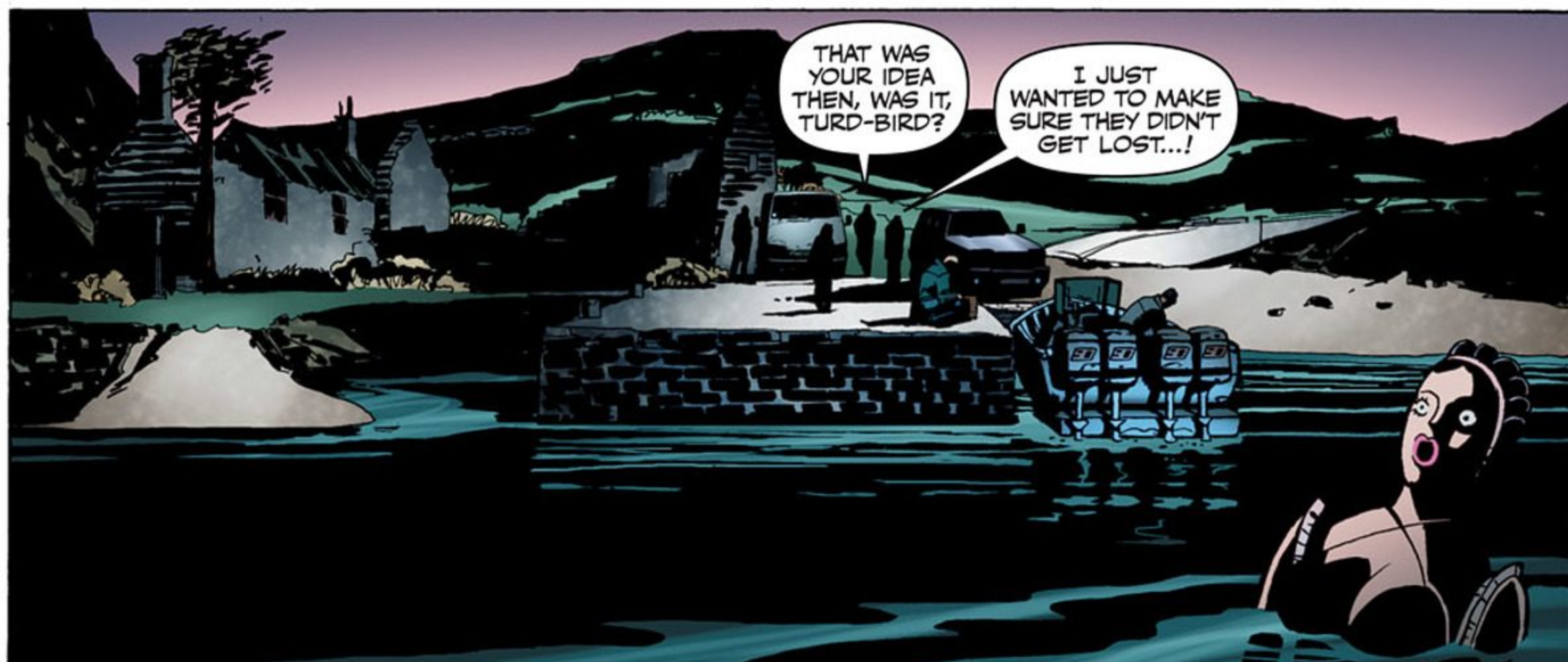
WILL YOU BE IN THE OFFICE TOMORROW, WI' THE OTHERS?

NO.



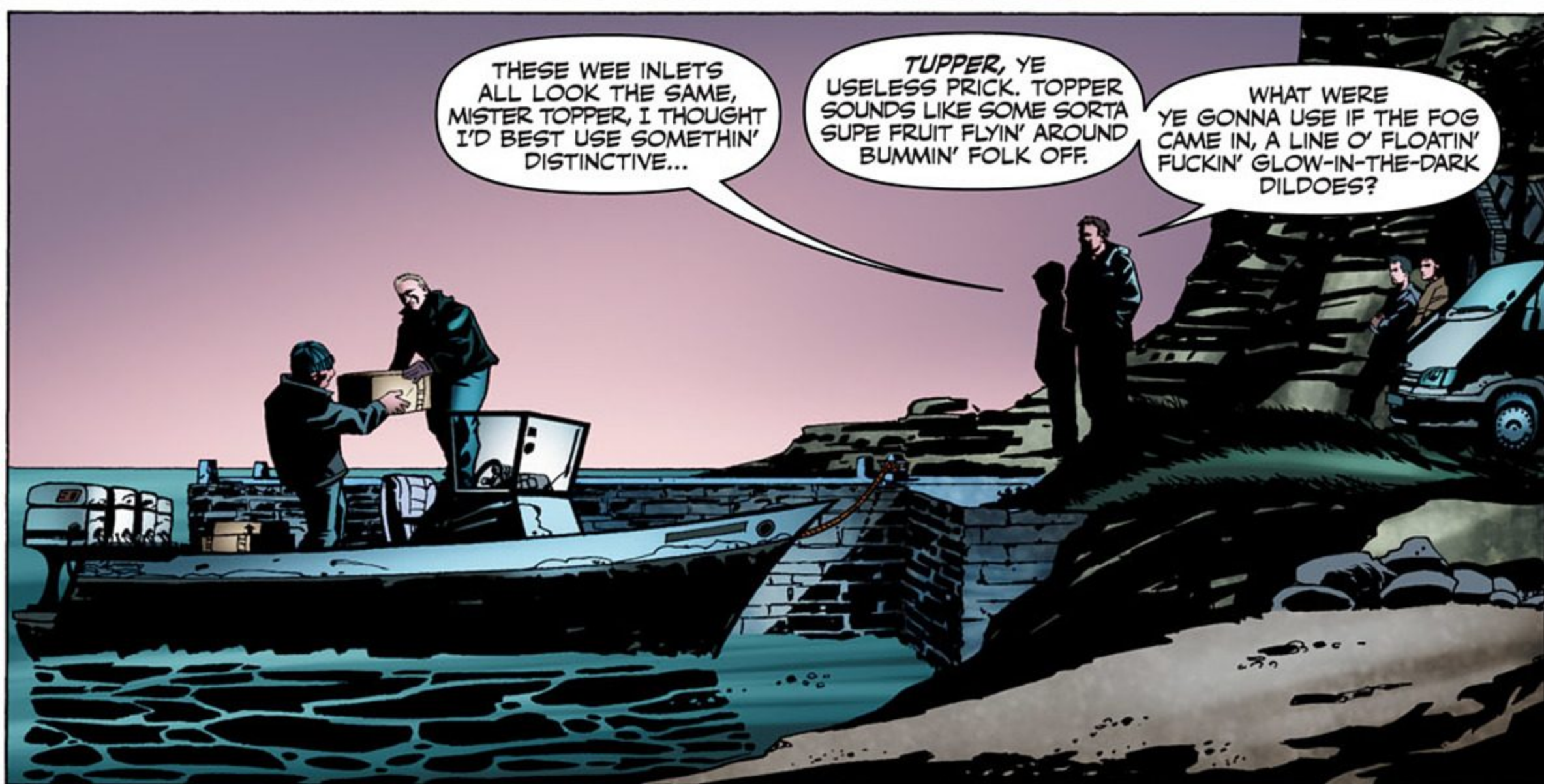
NO?

NO.



THAT WAS
YOUR IDEA
THEN, WAS IT,
TURD-BIRD?

I JUST
WANTED TO MAKE
SURE THEY DIDN'T
GET LOST...!



THESE WEE INLETS
ALL LOOK THE SAME,
MISTER TOPPER, I THOUGHT
I'D BEST USE SOMETHIN'
DISTINCTIVE...

TUPPER, YE
USELESS PRICK. TOPPER
SOUNDS LIKE SOME SORTA
SUPE FRUIT FLYIN' AROUND
BUMMIN' FOLK OFF.

WHAT WERE
YE GONNA USE IF THE FOG
CAME IN, A LINE O' FLOATIN'
FUCKIN' GLOW-IN-THE-DARK
DILDOES?



SURE
WHERE WOULD
I GET THOSE?

GIVE ME
STRENGTH...ALL RIGHT, YOU
TWO, BEFORE YE UNLOAD
ANY MORE O' THAT: EMILE
LARGO HERE'S GONNA
SAMPLE A BIT O' THE
MERCHANDISE.



YOU
DO NOT
TRUST?

CALM DOWN,
IVAN FISTYERMAWVICH. JUST
MAKIN' SURE EVERYTHIN'S
HUNKY-DORY.

RIGHT,
EINSTEIN, GET
SOME O' THIS UP
YER HOOTER...





AYE, WELL,
JUST A MINUTE
THERE. WE WANTED
A WEE WORD
BEFORE WE WENT
ANY FURTHER.

OH
AYE?

AYE. WE WERE
JUST LISTENIN'
TO WHAT YE WERE
SAYIN' TO THESE
TWO BOYS HERE,
YE KEN?



IT SOUNDS
TO US LIKE YE'VE
GOT QUITE A MAJOR
OPERATION HERE. LIKE
AN INTERNATIONAL
SORTA THING.

AN' WE WERE
THINKIN'...WELL, WE'RE
THE ONES'VE GOTTA
DRIVE THIS GEAR ALL
OVER THE HIGHLANDS--
NO' TO MENTION THE BIG
DELIVERIES IN DUNDEE
AN' GLASGOW...



SO WE THOUGHT,
LIKE, WI' ALL THIS
CASH YE'RE GONNA
BE MAKIN', YE COULD
AFFORD TO PAY US
SOME PROPER--

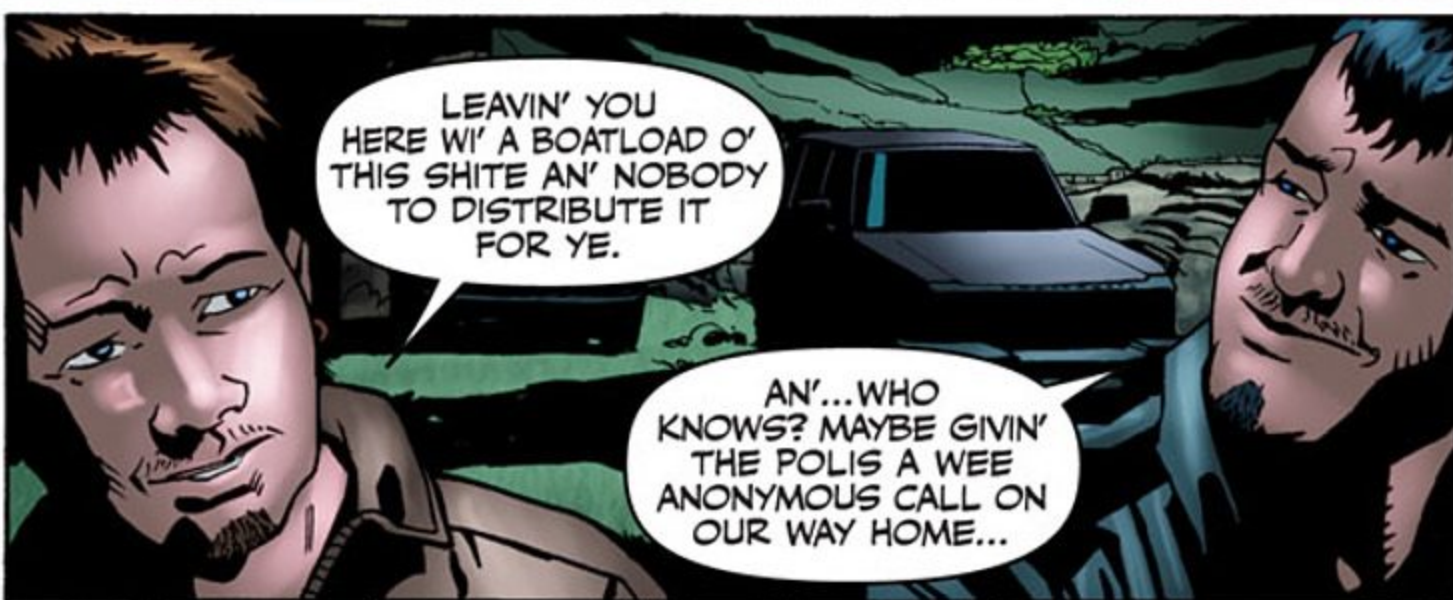
AW, FOR
FUCK'S SAKE...HERE,
CUNTOSAURUS? I
THOUGHT I TOLD YE
TO HIRE SOMEONE
RELIABLE?

MMMMMMMM



BRILLIANT. OKAY
THEN, WHAT IF I WAS TO
OPEN THE NEGOTIATIONS
BY TELLIN' YOU TWO
FUDGE-MERCHANTS
TO FUCK OFF?

WE COULD
DO THAT.
WE COULD
FUCK OFF.



LEAVIN' YOU
HERE WI' A BOATLOAD O'
THIS SHITE AN' NOBODY
TO DISTRIBUTE IT
FOR YE.

AN'...WHO
KNOWS? MAYBE GIVIN'
THE POLIS A WEE
ANONYMOUS CALL ON
OUR WAY HOME...



SOME
INTERESTIN'
THOUGHTS
THERE.

SARAH!



THIS
IS MY NIECE,
WEE SARAH.

SARAH, MEET
THE BUMFLUFFS. ONE
O' THEM WAS JUST SAYIN'
SOMETHIN' ABOUT
THE POLIS.



WHICH ONE,
UNCLE JOE?

YOU
CHOOSE.



NNHH--!

JESUS!!



HHNNNNNNNGGGGHHH!!



YE WERE SAYIN'?

GNUUUHHH!

WE'RE FINE, MISTER TUPPER! FINE! YE'VE BEEN SO GENEROUS, WE WERE EVEN GONNA ASK FOR A PAY CUT!!



ALL RIGHT, SWEETHEART.

YOU BOYS WANNA BRING IN THE SECOND LOAD, THEN?

AAAWH--!

TOMORROW.



NOT LONG ENOUGH 'TIL FULL DAYLIGHT. NO TIME TO LOAD AGAIN AND MAKE RETURN TRIP.

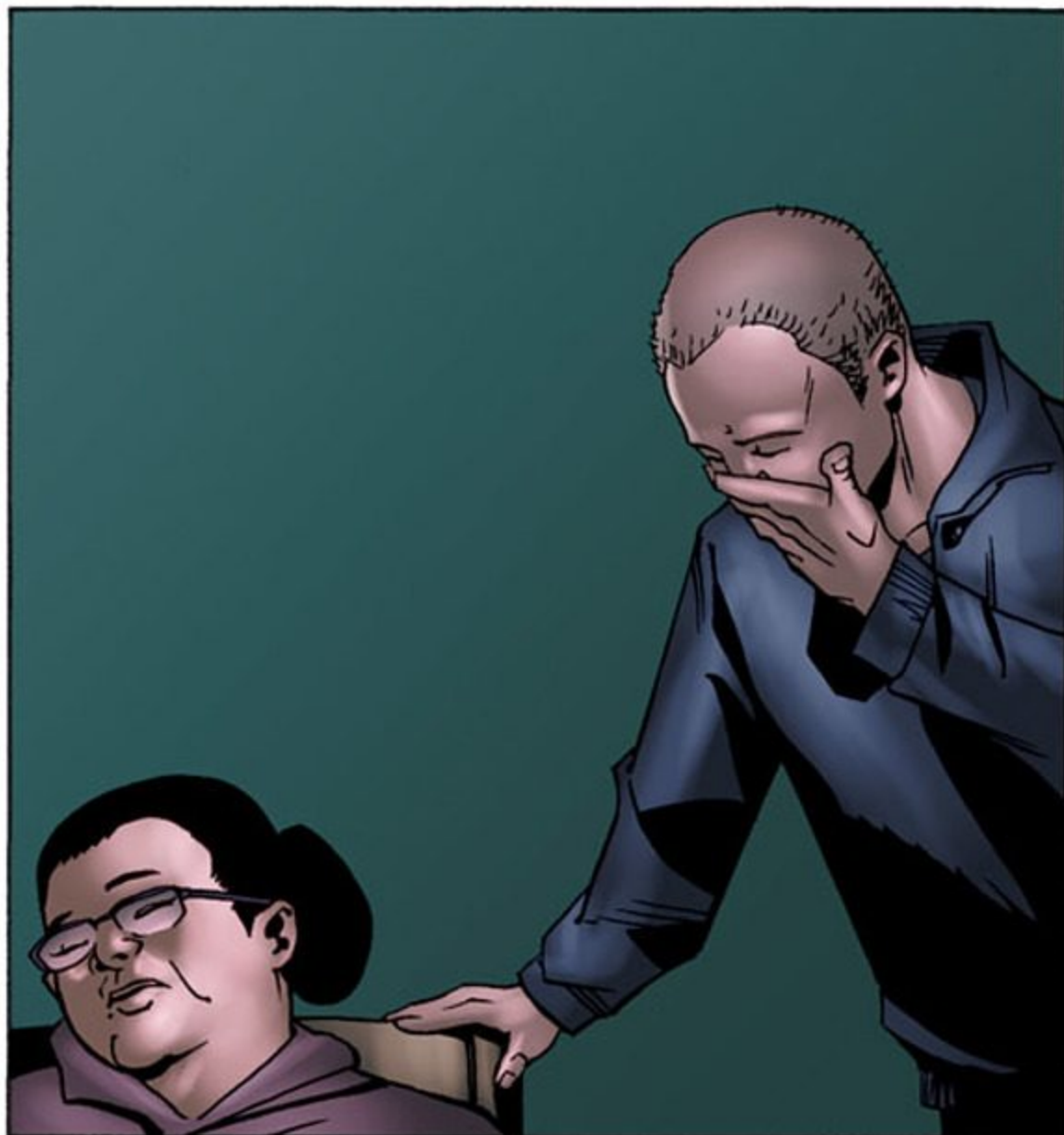
FINISH TOMORROW NIGHT INSTEAD.

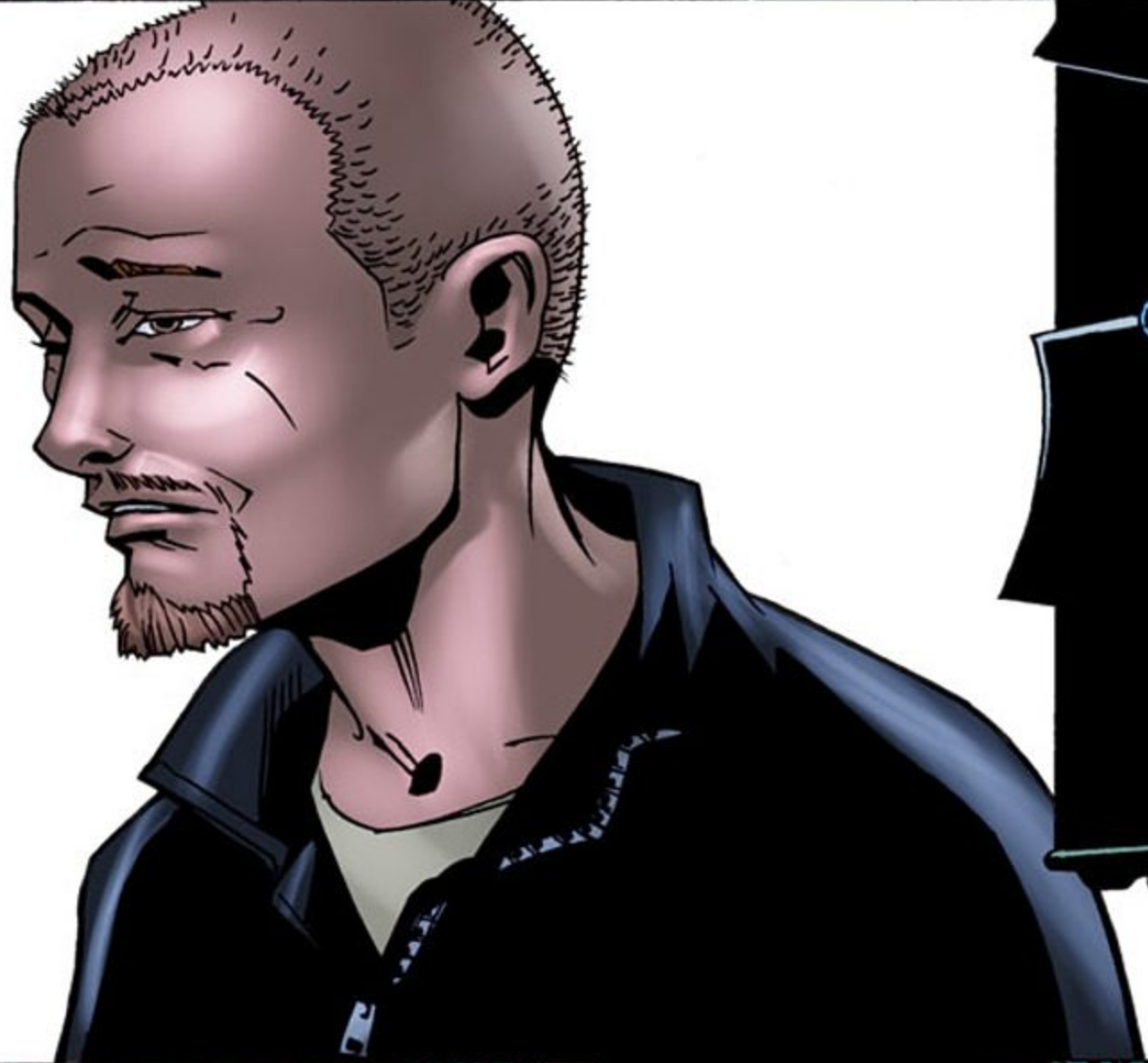
OH, MARVELLOUS. ANOTHER DAY IN THIS PISSPOT.

TELL US THIS, TWEEDLEDUM AN' TWEEDLETWAT:



APART FROM EXPLORIN' EACH OTHER'S HOLES, WHAT DO FOLK TEND TO DO FOR FUN AROUND HERE?





TO BE CONTINUED